Honeſt Counſaile.

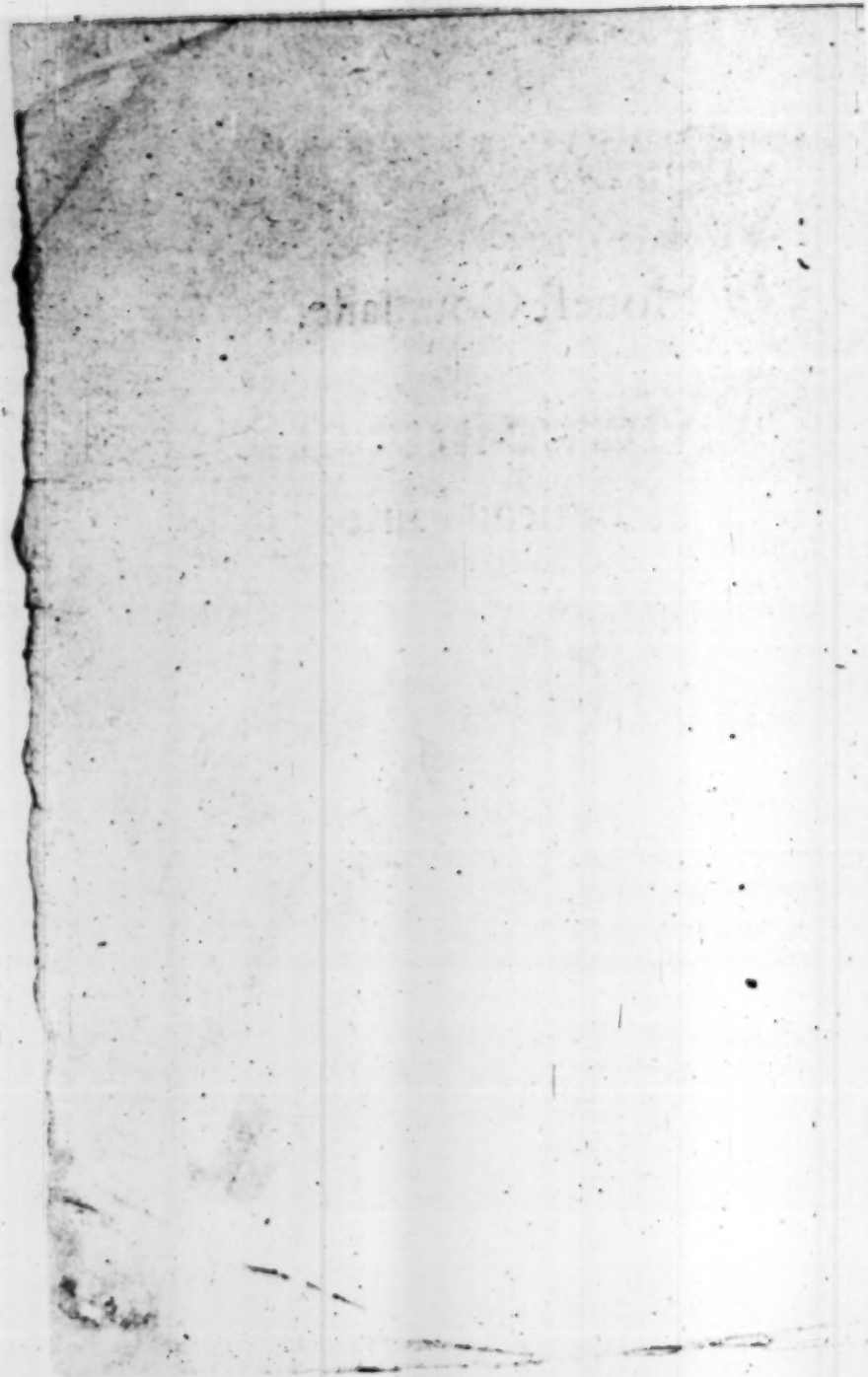
A

Merrie fitte of a Poeticall Furie:

Good to read, better to follow.

Imprinted at London by *W. W.* for *William Iones*, dwelling at the ſigne of the Gunne neare Holborne Conduit.

1605.



TO THE RIGHT WOR. MY VERY GOOD FRIEND AND LOVING FATHER *IAMES DACKHAM* OF Steepleton in the countie of *Dorſet Eſquier*; health, happineſſe, and heauen.

MY good Father, the Loue that I haue euer noted in you, to all good Spirits, and eſpecially the Learned, with the bande of many good fauours, wherein I am indebted to your kindnes, made mee in this little porticall Rownd, to ſhew you the labour of my Spirit, which with my hartie loue I commende to yonr kinde acceptation: the Tract is ſhort, and the Leſſons not vnne-

ceſſarie for old men to read, and young men to follow: Some lines may ſeeme prettie, other pleaſant: and ſome perhaps not vnprofitable: As they bee, I leaue them to your leyſure to peruſe, and your pleaſure to make vſe of: And ſo loth to be tedious in a trifle; wiſhing you *Craſus* treaſure, with your Spirits better comfort, and continuall health and happines: In prayer for the ſame, in all thankfulnes for your euer vndeſerued kidnes: I reſt.

Your louing Sonne,

N. B.

TO THE READER.

ALl good Fathers that loue their Children, and all good Children that would be loued of their Fathers, reade and follow, if you can, and will, this Honeſt Counſaile; *fetcht out of an odde Furie: no matter for the Rime, ſo the Reaſon ſerue turne: hee meant well that wrote it; and you may take it well that read it: It is a Kalender of good Notes; and hee that ſtudies it well, may happe be as wiſe as a Walnut: Yet, as there is ſomewhat to laugh at, ſo there is ſomewhat to looke at; which well peruſed, may yeelde profite: Such as it is, I commende it to your witte, and leyſure, to make vſe of, as you haue Reaſon: How ſoeuer it like your humour, ſhew no Imperfection; but if you finde it to your minde, much good do it you: if not, let it not trouble you: So wiſhing you to do as you liſt, I reſt as I finde cauſe.*

Your Friende,

N.B.

HONEST
Counsaile.

MY Sonne, for that I hold thee deere,
And haue not long to tarrie heere:
This Lesson kindly learne of mee,
To leaue the World, ere it leaue thee:
And rather learne, and wish to die,
Then liue in filthy Villanie.
Learne not to cogge, and lie, and prate,
To climbe the stepps of Honors state:
Nor waight vpon a wicked Whore,
Like *Serberus*, to keepe her dore,
While that the Diuell getteth in,
To place him in the pride of sinne.
Nor follow Fooles, nor flatter Knaues,
Nor swagger with the swearing Slaues:

Nor coozen any crooked Croane,
Nor counterfaite a needles moane.
Nor cut a Purſſe, nor robb a Church,
Nor giue a ſilly ſoule the lurch:
Nor want ſufficient for thy need,
Nor ſhrinke to ſtand thy friend in ſteed.
Nor foyſt a Die, nor cut a Card,
Nor hinder Vertue of reward.
Nor make Religion cloake of ſinne,
Nor fall into the Diuels Ginne.
Learne not to paint an ougly face,
Nor falſely plead a poore mans caſe.
Nor take a Bribe, nor do a wrong,
Nor pittileſſe a paine prolong.
Nor plot a treaſon, nor conſpire
Too high an Honour to aſpire.
Nor lazie with the idle bones,
Nor feede vpon the needy ones.

Nor falſe thy fayth, nor feare thy foe:
Nor ſeeke thy wealth by others woe.
Oh do not thou delight in blood,
Nor, beare two faces in a hood:
Nor play the Aſſe, to make men laffe,
Nor with the Drunckarde learne to quaffe:
Nor ſweare, and lie, for worldes of wealth,
Nor purchaſe Honors tipe by ſtealth.
Nor cuckold Age, nor Slaunder Youth:
Nor vſe thy tongue vnto vntrueth,
Nor bend thy wittes to wanton trickes,
Nor come too neare the Iade that kickes:
Nor borrow ſtill, and neuer pay,
Nor Carde nor Dice thy wealth away.
Nor fall in loue with fooliſh thinges,
Nor come among the Serpents Stinges.
Nor drowne thy ſelfe in Puddle water,
Nor ſet a gloze on an ill matter:

Nor vndermine an honeſt minde,
Nor to a brother be vnkind.
Nor tempt the chaſt affect, to euill:
Nor follow Atheiſts to the Diuell.
Nor take In-cummes, raiſe no Rent,
Nor murther anie Innocent.
Deflowre no Virgin, truſt betray,
Nor wake the night, and ſleepe the day.
Nor haunt the Fairies in the night,
Nor carrie Hornes to all mens ſight:
Nor weare gay Clothes on thy backe,
And ſee a world of people lacke.
Nor ſcratch with Cats, nor ſnarle with Curres,
Nor line thy Coate with Hedg-hogs furres.
Nor butt with Rammes, nor fight with Bulls,
Nor cheate vpon a ſight of Gulls.
Nor grace the care of craftines,
Nor blot the name of noblenes.

Nor

Nor tickle Follie in the eare,
Nor like the Wind, be euerie where:
Nor play with Monkies, Apes, nor Owles,
Nor harken to the Diuels howles.
Nor set thy hart in Beautis eies,
Nor make the Earth a Paradice.
Nor put thy trust in any one,
But onely thy good God alone.
Oh do not thou become a Dogge,
Nor feede vpon a meazzled Hogge.
Nor in a poyson seeke for Honny,
Nor like a Ferret, hunt a Cunny.
Nor like a Tiger, teare and kill,
What ere he findes, his maw to fill.
Doe not thou set thy Loue to sale,
Nor listen to an idle tale.
Nor binde a promise with an oath,
And make no care of fayth and troth.

Nor follow Witches, nor their Charmes,
Nor, pleaſure in thy neighbours harmes.
Nor to an old griefe, add a new.
Nor in thy Conſcience prooue a Iew.
Nor let a cruell Wolfe goe looſe,
Nor, with a Foxe, to hunt a Gooſe.
Nor loue a Dogge more then a Man.
Nor kill a Ducke, to gaine a Swan.
Nor chaſe a Flea, nor lodge a Lowſe,
Nor ſwagger in a Bawdie houſe.
Nor hunt a Doe that is with Fawne,
Nor lay thy Lands nor Clothes to pawne.
Nor liue by Ballads nor bald Rimes,
Nor Libell vpon loftie Crimes.
Nor looſe thy time in making loue,
Nor take a Iack-daw for a Doue.
Nor feede with Rauens, on little Lambes,
Nor with the Eagle, kill their Dambes.

Nor with the Cuckow kill thy breeder,
Nor laugh at any learned Reeder.
Nor with the Turkie, beat thy Hen,
Nor company with wicked Men:
Nor make a trauayle vnto Rome,
And come, for to be hang'd at home,
Nor go to ſchole for cunning Art,
Nor learne to play the Diuels part.
Oh do not thou corrupt thy Soule,
With keeping of a curſed Rowle:
Nor blot thy Conſcience with the blame
Of a deſerued wilfull ſhame.
Nor ſeeke by power to oppreſſe
The Widdow, nor the Fatherleſſe.
Nor ſerue the Proude, nor ſooth the Rich,
Nor tread the poore into the ditch.
Nor creepe into an open Eare,
And ſeeke a ſilly hart to teare.

Nor

Nor looke as bigge as fifteene Beeues,
Nor hang on euery Raſcals ſleeues.
Nor take delight in euey gawde,
Nor play the Pander, nor the Bawde:
The Iacke, the Iuggler, nor the Ieſter:
The Hange-man, nor the debter-Reſter.
Oh do thou rather wiſh to die,
Then liue by Beggers miſerie.
Doe not thou ſtalke like to a Steeple,
To ouerlooke a world of people:
Nor creepe and kneele vnto a Thiſtle,
Nor be at euery Beggers whiſtle.
Nor vſe the trade of Vſurie,
To bring poore men to beggerie.
Nor coozen Chapmen of their wares,
Nor deale vnequally in ſhares:
Nor promiſe much, and nought performe,
Nor ſcorne an euill to reforme.

Nor

Nor credite euery idle breath,
Nor ſeeke the meaneſt Chriſtians death:
Nor hardly vſe a louing Wife,
Nor with a Whore to lead thy life.
Oh be not made a wretched ſlaue,
To be commaunded by a Knaue:
Nor climbe a mile beyond the Moone,
Nor make the morning after noone:
Nor ſtoppe thine eares to good aduice,
Nor in thy thoughts to be too nice:
Nor with the Swine to digge the durt,
Nor ſeeke thine honeſt neighbours hurt:
Nor fall into a Lunacie,
Nor Herezie, nor Ieloucie:
Nor haue thy paunch and guts too full,
Nor beare a bittle headed skull:
Nor hurt thy Soule for any good,
Nor idly looſe a drop of blood.

Nor credite Dreames, nor truſt to Hope,
Nor fall within the deadly Rope.
Oh do not thou transforme thy ſelfe,
Nor play the misbegotten elfe.
Nor rouze thy ſelfe among thy Bagges,
Nor glorie in thy gaudie Ragges:
Nor ſet thy loue on too much eaſe,
Nor be a ſcowrer of the Seas.
Nor practiſe craft in any trade,
Nor count a Hackney but a Iade:
Nor builde vp Caſtles in the aire,
Nor hope in vaine, nor yet deſpaire.
Nor loue and care not whom, nor why,
Nor truſt a Friend before thou trie.
Nor come at euery Cuckoes call,
Nor let a follie fret thy gall.
Nor ſtriue to wreſtle with an Oke,
Nor ſpend away thy Coyne in ſmoke.

Nor

Nor robbe an other of his right.
Nor looſe thine owne, for lacke of ſight.
Nor let thy Mony goe for winde,
Nor fooliſhly be wilfull blinde,
Nor pull vp Hearbes, and cheriſh Weedes,
Nor tittle tattle, more then needes:
Nor keepe thy Mony till it ruſt,
Nor in thy word to prooue vniuſt:
Nor foule thy Soule with bloody hands,
Nor hide thy Treaſure in the Sandes.
Nor counterfaite a Hand and Seale,
To ouerthrow a Common-weale.
Nor willingly commit offence,
Nor ſtand in a foule faults defence.
Nor kill a Patient with a Pill,
Nor keepe a Sicke man pining ſtill.
Nor weare a Fether for the winde,
Nor ſtand and waight til fooles haue dinde.

Nor fleare, and leare, and looke aſide,
Nor goe on foote while other ride:
Nor make diuiſion among friends,
Nor coyne a lie at fingers ends.
Nor take delight to ſucke and ſwill,
Nor be a ſlaue to wicked will:
Nor fooliſhly be made a ſtale,
To looſe a Nutt, and get a ſhale:
Nor tie thee to a wicked Woman,
That will be kind, nor true to no man:
Nor do thou fiſh for muddie Eeles,
Nor waight vpon a Pack-horſe heeles:
Nor be a layler to a Thiefe,
Nor barre the needie of reliefe.
Nor liue with an vngodly Shrow,
Nor of a friend, to make a foe.
Nor like a Baby, long for toyes,
Nor ſort thy ſelfe with Girls nor Boyes.

Nor tell thy ſecrets to a Knaue,
Nor digg vp thy old Graundſirs Graue.
Nor buie a pettie Beneſice,
Nor make a painted ſacrifice:
Nor make of Gold as of a God,
Nor be by Villaines ouer-trod.
Nor keepe a Cocke that hath no ſpurres,
Nor dwell among a fight of Curres.
Nor watch a Moule, a Ratte, a Mouſe,
Nor breake into a poore mans houſe.
Nor like a Chuffe, ſit in thy Chaire,
Nor play the Fidler in a Faire.
Nor tell no Fortunes, nor no Fables,
Nor feede on crumbs at beggers tables.
Nor breake a ieſt vpon a friende,
Nor dwell vpon a pudding's ende:
Nor whine and cry, I wot not why,
Nor make an idle ſhew to die.

Oh do not thou befoole thy ſelfe,
To ſet thy ſoule to ſale for pelfe:
Nor ſigh, and ſobbe, and ſwell, and burſt,
To leaue the beſt, and take the worſt.
Do not thou enuie Vertues grace,
Nor ſeeke true Honour to deface:
Nor play the Raſcall with a Rigge,
Nor ſownde to ſee one kill a Pigge:
Nor ſeeke a Birds-neſt in a Buſh,
Nor driue the Nightingale to huſh:
Nor angle for a hugie Fiſh,
Nor make a poyſon of the diſh:
Nor in an Epicurious Feaſt
To lie, and tumble, like a Beaſt.
Nor ſnuffe and ſnortle like a Horſe,
Nor ſeeke reuenge without remorſe.
Nor ioyne with Iewes gainſt Chriſtians,
Nor liue with the Philiſtians.

Nor

Nor bragg and crake, and ſtampe and ſtare,
Nor come where ſuch ill cattell are.
Nor winde about a Wenches witt,
To teach her how to play the Titt:
Nor, if ſhee reede thy paradoxe,
Infect her with a pepper Boxe.
Oh let thy backe not be conſumde,
Thy Periwigge not be perfumde:
Thy tongue be tipt with tatling lies,
To hide thy ſpirits miſeries.
Nor with deſpairing ſorrow dwell,
To leaue the way to Heauen, for Hell.
But if thou ſeeſt, and canſt conciue,
How Sathan doth the world deceiue:
That ſinne of thee no hold may take,
Thus to thy God, thy prayers make.
Oh my good God, vpon my knees
I begge, let mee be none of theſe:

But humbly fall vpon my face,
To begge of thy most glorious Grace,
One sparke of Wisedome, to direct
My Soule, the life of thy elect.
Make mee to know thy holy will,
And be obedient to it still.
Make my delight, but in thy Lawes,
And keepe mee from the Diuels clawes.
Make mee to tread the way of trueth,
And honour Age, with gratious Youth:
With reuerence, in thy worde to heare thee,
And in my Soule, to loue and feare thee:
To make thy trueth, my strongest Tower,
And sing thy prayses euery hower.
Oh seale mine eyes, and cleare my sight,
And shew mee that eternall light,
Where Mercies loue may let mee see
Where all the ioyes of Angels bee.

That I may heare them ſing and play,
Vpon their higheſt Holy day:
And to their Muſique now and then,
Mine humble Soule may ſing Amen.
Oh lay my Heart vpon my Breſt,
And with thy Grace, my Spirit reſt,
That all the world within my thought,
May ſee a worke of Mercie wrought:
Where Grace hath made a glorious fight,
When Sinne and Death, are put to flight.
Oh in thy glorious mercie heare mee,
Let neuer wickednes come neare mee:
But in thy grace ſuch comfort ſhew mee,
That Sinne may neuer ouerthrow mee:
With thy loue let me rauiſht bee,
And long with thine, to be with thee:
Be thou my King, Oh King of Kinges,
Thy holie hand tune my hart ſtringes:

To ſing a new ſong in thy praiſe,
To end, in neuer ending dayes:
My Dittie be of thy deare Loue,
Where like the faithfull Turtle Doue,
My Muſique may but mourning bee,
Till I thy louelie ſight may ſee:
And Soule and Heart may both reioyce,
When I may heare thy heauenlie voyce.
My Sinnes forgiuen in thy good Grace,
Giue mee thy meaneſt Seruants place:
Where Fayth & Trueth may ſtill attende thee,
And Loue may neuer more offende thee.
Oh with thy Grace my Heart inſpire,
To bring foorth Fruicts of thy deſire:
Giue mee thy *Peters* penitence,
Pauls Fayth, and *Iob* his Patience:
And *Maries* Grace, and *Iohn* his loue,
That in my heart I may approue:

When

When all theſe Graces meete in mee,
What ioy my Soule ſhall haue in thee.
But, Oh my God! my Heart doth ake,
My Soule with trembling feare doth quake,
That Sinne hath brought mee in ſuch plight,
As makes mee ouglie in thy ſight.
And I (Oh wretch) am one of thoſe,
Whom thou haſt reckoned for thy foes:
And that thy Mercie will not heare mee,
Nor Comfort euer ſhall come neare mee.
My Prayer turned into ſinne,
No Gate of Grace ſhall enter in:
But all my thoughts all farre amiſſe,
Shall baniſht be from hope of bliſſe:
And my poore Soule by Sinnes defart,
Condem'd vnto eternall ſmart.
And yet againe mee thinkes I ſee,
How thy great Mercie lookes on mee,

And tels me, Faith may be victorious,
While Grace will be in Mercie glorious:
And what true hartes, do truelie proue,
That turne to thee in teares of loue.
In which vnfaigned faithfull teares,
Wherein the wofull ſpirit weares:
I humbly fall at Mercies feete,
Where Grace and Loue and Glorie meete:
And in the teares of true contrition,
Thus makes my wofull Soules petition.
In mercie looke on mee, deare God,
Forgiue my ſinnes, forbeare thy rod:
Behold my griefe, and eaſe my paine,
And take me to thy Grace againe:
That I may ſee that bright Sunne ſhine,
Whoſe Glorie neuer can decline.
Where I with *Simeons* ioy may ſing,
When I embrace my holy King.

And Sinne may die, and Sorowes ceaſe,
And ſo my Soule may reſt in peace.

Who will be wiſe, let him take heede,
He giue no wordes, nor ſeale no Bandes:
He tell no Lies, nor forge no Deede,
Nor put his wealth in Huckſters handes.

Who will be Rich, let him leaue play,
Weare bare Apparell, fare but thin:
And neuer make an idle day,
Nor giue a Point, nor lend a Pin.

Who will be great, let him be bold,
And beare no Coales, for feare they burne:
And make a kind of God of Gold,
And get a Slaue to ſerue his turne.

HONEST COVNSAILE.

Who will be Honeſt, let him flie,
The companie of Knaues and Whores:
And bring his Hart vnto his Eie,
To thruſt ill Humors out of doores.

Who will be Gratious, let him throw
His ſinfull Soule at Mercies feete:
That Penitence may kindly know,
How Sinnes are troden vnder feete.

FINIS.

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